

VETERAN OF 17 WARS
BAFFLED BY CONFLICT

Frederick Villiers Astonished
Particularly by Progress in
Artillery Fighting.

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD
(Copyrighted, 1915, by United Press.)

HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH
ARMY, Northern France, May 17.
This is Frederick Villiers' 17th war.
Everywhere we go in the English lines
some other officer says to him: "But I suppose
you've seen all this sort of thing before."

And Villiers, who has pictured war all
over the world, says: "It's all new to
me. I'm a babe at this new game of war."

Villiers' first campaign was in 1876. In
these days no one touched off a cannon
until the enemy was in sight; it was
like aiming a rifle. But this afternoon
we looked on at 20th century artillery
firing. The British artillerymen were at
attention at their gun when the officer
in charge showed us a map.

"You see, we're in this position," he ex-
plained, "and we're going to shoot at this spot."
He indicated a point four miles
distant, in the German lines. Farms and
roads and a village and the English and
German trenches lay between us and
the target. "There's a ruined farmhouse
there. German officers are always hanging
around it and we have to touch it up
every now and then."

"Fire," he said. The shell drilled its
echoing tunnel through the sky and the
British officer some miles ahead of us,
who saw the shell explode, telephoned
back that it had fallen short in the
trenches.

The guns were charged. The man fired
again. This time the message came that
the shell had gone a little too far.

The British artillerymen tinkered with
their gun and delicately a watchman
adjusting a jeweled watch, and then the
gun boomed out again.

"It hit the farmhouse," was the mes-
sage that came back over the telephone.
The British artillerymen were firing
two test shots are almost always neces-
sary in range finding. The twentieth
century British artillerymen were show-
ing how well they knew how to shoot.
But here's another point in this twentieth
century warfare that is even more im-
portant and that is to keep in mind
where not to hit.

Later in the day we saw an astonish-
ing example of this. We were in the
English trenches at Ploegstreet. Through
a periscope we looked across the deep
green grass of No Man's Land and saw
the German trench. Scattered fire was incessant.
Suddenly from behind us came the yell
of an English shell. It passed directly
over us.

"I thought I knew war," said Villiers,
"but I wouldn't have known a thing
about artillery possibilities if I had not
seen that shell fall on the German
trench."

Any American boy with a felder's glove
could "pull down" the bombs which are
being fired by both sides from trench
mortars, provided its fuse was not light-
ed. It moves through the air like a bat-
ted baseball and is only a little larger.
The mortar has been long known, but
that it also is new to the British mortar
men have learned to put a bomb exactly
where they want it.

"Do you know where I've seen guns
like that before?" asked Villiers, pointing
to a mortar in your United States on
the Fourth of July.

THIS IS POLISH FLAG DAY
IN AID OF WAR VICTIMS

All Proceeds From Sales to Go for
Relief of Sufferers.

Today is Polish Flag Day, set apart
by the Emergency Aid Committee in con-
junction with the Central Polish Relief
Committee, for the collection of funds to
aid the suffering non-combatants in
eastern Poland. Polish flags, war rines
and most cards are being sold in all sec-
tions of the city to help raise the funds.
Contributions for the aid of Poles are re-
ceived at the headquarters, 1428 Walnut
street.

Many persons prominent in Philadel-
phia's social life are among those who
are selling these articles on the city's
streets. At every corner in the down-
town section there is a lady bedecked
with Polish colors carrying a tray of
wares for sale. Hotels, clubs, theatres
and other places where crowds congregate
have not been overlooked as places for
possible sales. One or more Polish sup-
porters are there to sell these articles.

Tonight a celebration will be held by
the Poles in this city at Central Park,
in the northeastern part of the city.

TO LAY BANK CORNER-STONE

Mayor Expected to Be One of the
Speakers at Ceremony.

Mayor Blankenburg is expected to be a
speaker this afternoon at the laying of
the corner-stone of the State Bank of
Philadelphia, a financial institution which
Director Herman Loeb, of the Depart-
ment of Supplies, is president.

Director Porter, of the Department of
Public Safety, is vice president and the
chairman is Henry Kravitz, son of Rabbi
Joseph Kravitz. The bank was re-
cently organized, but has not yet been
located in permanent quarters.

The new building is at Passyunk ave-
nue and Bainbridge street. Directors Porter
and Loeb, and Mayor Blankenburg, were
part of their time to the government of
the institution after the present adminis-
tration expires.

WAR ON BOOTLEGGERS

Drunk Persons at Shore Must Tell
"Where They Got It."

ATLANTIC CITY, May 18.—Where
did you get it?
Strangers appearing in the City Court
today charged with having imbibed in-
judiciously Sunday, may expect to have
this pointed interrogation fixed at them,
police officials stated.

It is the latest move in the Adminis-
tration campaign to make Atlantic City
on Sunday not only "dry" but actually
and so far as meat or vicious liquors are
concerned during the mad summer whirl.
Not satisfied with revoking the licenses
of moonshiners and cafe keepers whom the
police discover in the act of selling via
the side door or kitchen route, intoxica-
tion defendants will be obliged to tell
where they obtained their refreshments.

They will then be used as witnesses in
Sunday selling proceedings to be initiated
under orders from William H. Bartlett,
Director of Public Safety.

YOUTHFUL ORCHESTRA HEARD

Boys and Girls in Recital Show Art
and Careful Training.

Youthful musicians, the members of the
Philadelphia Boys and Girls' Orchestra,
gave their second symphony concert at
Widener Hall last night. John Curtis,
director of the orchestra, and the soloists
were Miss Blanche Viola, soprano,
Robert Harper, tenor, and Antonio Scarduzio,
bass.

Robert's Romantic overture was
played with sympathetic understanding,
and the "Unfinished Symphony" in D mi-
nor was another number in which the
young musicians showed the results of
careful training. The "Symphony" was
played with a fine sense of rhythm and
clear the great door in one case the
ape out of his retreat.

TARZAN OF THE APES

THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF A PRIMEVAL MAN
AND AN AMERICAN GIRL

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

Copyright, 1914, by A. C. McClure Company.

SYNOPSIS.
John Clayton, Lord Greywold, embarks
for a voyage to the continent of
Pawada for British West Africa, where he
is to assume a consular position. On board
the ship he meets a girl, Alice Clayton,
who has been stolen from him by a
tribe of savages. He vows to save her
and to bring her home to his father's
house in England.

CHAPTER III
LIFE AND DEATH
Morning found them but little, if at all
refreshed, though it was with a feeling
of intense relief that they saw the day
dawn.

As soon as they had made their meagre
breakfast of salt pork, coffee and biscuit,
Clayton commenced work upon their
house, for he realized that they could
hold no safely and no peace of mind
at night until four strong walls effectually
barred the jungle life from them.

The task was an arduous one and re-
quired the better part of a month, though
he built but one small room. He con-
structed his cabin of small logs about
six inches in diameter, stopping the
chinks with clay which he found at the
depth of a few feet beneath the surface
soil.

At one end he built a fireplace of small
stones from the beach. These also he set
in clay, and when the house had been
entirely completed, he applied a coating
of the clay to the entire outside surface
to the thickness of four inches.

In the window opening he set small
branches about an inch in diameter both
vertically and horizontally, and so woven
that they formed a substantial grating
that could withstand the strength of his
powerful animal. Thus they obtained air
and proper ventilation without fear of
lessening the safety of their cabin.

The A-shaped roof was thatched with
small branches laid closely together and
over these long jungle grass and palm
fronds, with a fine coating of clay.

The door he built of pieces of the pack-
ing-boxes which had held their belong-
ings; nailing one piece upon another, the
grain of contiguous layers running trans-
versely, until he had a solid body some
three inches thick, and of such great
strength that they were both moved to
laughter as they gazed upon it.

Here the greatest difficulty confronted
Clayton, for he had no means whereby
to hang his massive door, now that he
presently had to know positively that
the door would be closed and locked
easily.

The stucco and other final touches
were added after they moved into the
house, which they had done as soon as
the roof was on, piling their boxes be-
hind the door at night and thus having
a comparatively safe and comfortable
habitation.

The building of a bed, chairs, table and
shelves was a relatively easy matter, so
that by the end of the second month they
were well settled, and, but for the con-
stant dread of attack by wild beasts and
the ever-growing loneliness, they were not
uncomfortable or unhappy.

At night great beasts snarled and
roared about their tiny cabin, but so
accustomed may one become to oft-re-
peated noises, that soon they paid little
attention to them, sleeping soundly the
while night passed.

Thrice had they caught fleeting
glimpses of great manlike figures like
that of the first night, but never at suffi-
ciently close range to know positively
whether the half-seen forms were those
of man or brute.

The brilliant birds and the little mon-
keys had become accustomed to their new
acquaintances, and as they had evidently
never seen human beings before, they
presently, ever as they fired they care-
lessly, impelled by that strange curiosity
which dominates the wild creatures of the
forest and the jungle and the plain, so that
the wild men came nearer and nearer,
until they stood near Clayton, jabbering
excitedly to him as though to warn him
of approaching danger.

At last he saw it, the thing the little
monkeys feared—the man-like man of
the Clays. He had caught occasional
glimpses of it.

It was approaching through the jungle
in a semicircle position, now and then
placing the back of its dark face practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Clayton was at some distance from the
cabin, having come to fill a particularly
perfect tree for his building operations.
Grown careless from months of continued
safety, during which time they had seen
no dangerous animals during the day-
light hours, he had left his rifle and re-
volvers all within the little cabin, and
now that he saw the great ape crashing
through the underbrush directly toward
him, and from a direction which practi-
cally cut him off from escape, he felt
a vague little shiver play up and down
his spine.

Continually intent the vicinity of the cabin;
but as he never again ventured outside
without both rifle and revolvers, he had
little fear of the huge beasts.

He had strengthened the window pro-
tections and fitted a unique wooden lock
to the cabin door, so that when he hunted
for game and fruits, as it was constantly
the case, he could leave the door open, in
tenance, he had no fear that any animal
could break into the little home.

At first he shot much of the game from
the cabin windows, but toward the end
of the rainy season he was forced to
venture forth for the need of food. Among
the things he hunted were the terrifying
thunder of his rifle.

In his leisure Clayton read, often aloud
to his wife, from the store of books he
had brought for their new home. Among
these were many for little children—pic-
ture books, primers, readers—they had
known that their little child would be
old enough for such before they might
hope to see her.

At other times Clayton wrote in his
diary, which he had always been accus-
tomed to keep in French, and in which he
recorded the details of his strange life.
This book he kept locked in a little
metal box.

A year from the day her little son was
born Lady Alice passed quietly away in
the night. So peaceful was her end that
Clayton, who had been so full of grief
at a realization that his wife was dead,
was almost glad that she had died.

The horror of the situation came to him
very slowly, and it is doubtful that he
ever fully realized the enormity of his
crime and the fearful responsibility that
had devolved upon him with the
care of that wee thing, his son, still a
nursing babe.

The entry in his diary was made
the morning following her death, and
there he recites the sad details in a mat-
ter-of-fact way that adds to the pathos
of it; for it breathes a tired apathy born
of sorrow and hopelessness, which
even this cruel blot could scarcely awake
to further suffering.

My little son is crying for nourishment
—O Alice, Alice, what shall I do?
The night before Clayton wrote the last
words his hand was destined to ever
pen, he dropped his head wearily upon
his outstretched arms where they rested
upon the table he had built for her who
lay dead and cold in the room above him.

For a long time no sound broke the
deathlike stillness of the jungle midday
save the piteous wailing of the tiny man-
child.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

BLAMES SPEAKS
FOR HUSBAND'S LAPSE

Pinoche Losses Also Contributed
to Would-Be Suicide's
Downfall, His Wife Says.

Frequent visit to "speakeasy resorts"
and constant losses at pinoche games,
according to Mrs. Samuel Hammerman,
of 228 South 4th street, are responsible for
her husband, Samuel Hammerman, 48
years old, a tinsmith, for attempting to
end his life three times within the last
two years. Hammerman is in Mount
Sinai Hospital, suffering from gas poison-
ing. He was found unconscious yesterday
in his room, by his 17-year-old son, Wil-
liam Hammerman. Physicians say he will
recover.

Hammerman, according to his wife, was
a good and kind husband and good father
to his children before he was introduced
as a member into some of Philadelphia's
clubs known to the Police Department as
"speakeasy resorts." Once a member, he
went to the clubs and lost his money,
Mrs. Hammerman said today her husband
became a changed man.

"He would remain away all day Sunday
in the early hours of the morning he
would return home. As a rule, according
to Mrs. Hammerman, he was in the
clubs from 10 o'clock until 2 o'clock.
"My husband today would be working
instead of being in a hospital if not for
his losses at pinoche games and too much
visiting to the speakeasy places," said Mrs.
Hammerman.

"We were happy until some time ago
my husband was introduced as a member
into some of those clubs. Then he began
to change. He would seldom come home.
At times he did come, but he was
drunk and in a bad mood. He would
blame me and the speakeasy places for
his downfall. The police ought to wipe
out all these clubs because there is no
question that they are helping to break
up many happy homes instead of keeping
families together."

GANGSTERS SENT HERE FROM
NEW YORK, SAYS OFFICIAL

District Attorney Perkins Discovers
System of Strike Intimidation.

Gangsters from New York were paid
\$750 a day and expenses to come to Phil-
adelphia and spend the night during
clothing trade strikes, according to evi-
dence discovered by District Attorney
Perkins, of New York. The thugs are
said to have been hired by officials of
the unions.

A squad of "strong-arm" women were
sent to this city on one occasion and were
ordered to attack women strike-breakers.
On another occasion men and women
were sent to Cleveland to work in behalf
of the unions.

After the strike here, Mr. Perkins was
told, there were complaints from the
unions that the women were not as effi-
cient in "strong-arm" methods as the
men and they were, therefore, given a
special course of training by District
Attorney Fein, the chief thug. They were
taught by Fein how to use hammers and
umbrellas that had been weighted with
lead slugs.

AUTO AND MOTORCYCLE BURN
Which Follows Collision.

Abner Bingham, 29 years, 538 Morton
street, was held under arrest today as a
result of a collision between a fire truck
and a motorcycle, causing a fire in which
both machines were destroyed.

The fire, which broke out at 10 o'clock
yesterday, was caused by a motorcycle
which rode the motorcycle in the Ger-
man Hospital, with several cuts and
bruises.

Bingham, it became known today, had
his motorcycle on the street for a few days
ago and had no driver's license. He was
running the machine around the block to
try the brakes, he said. The accident
took place at Church lane and
Bellevue avenue.

Watson, pressing the charge against
Bingham, declared the motorist driver
turned out for a wagon and thus collided
with the fire truck. The auto was on
the right side of the street. The motorist
burned, however, the police say. The
motorist was arrested today by Police-
man Fein, of the Germantown police sta-
tion. He was held in the station until
Wright to await Watson's recovery, so
that he can testify.

Home Marks 50th Birthday
The Camden Home for Friendless Chil-
dren was held today celebrating its 50th
anniversary. The organization was
founded in 1864, through the efforts of Mr.
J. Earl Atkinson, who became impressed
with the necessity of providing a refuge
for the many orphaned left destitute by
the Civil War. The organization was
perfected at a public meeting held Feb-
ruary 23, 1865, at the First Presbyterian
Church.

Police Hearings Held Up by Man's Fit
Hearings at the Delgado and Clearfield
streets were interrupted today when
Edward Dugan, 32 years old,
2300 Miller street, fell in a fit, cutting a
deep laceration in his head. The fit
occurred at 10 o'clock yesterday. The
police were called to the scene and
Dugan was taken to the station. The
fit was caused by a seizure of the
epilepsy, it is believed. Dugan has
long been suffering from epilepsy.

AN OUTSIDER A Girl's Adventures
in Social Piracy.

By Louis Joseph Vance, Author of "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Well, where's the rest of the stuff?"
Mason inquired.

"I don't know. I tell you I know noth-
ing about that ring. I have no idea how
it got where you found it. Somebody must
have put it there." Sally caught her dis-
tracted head between her hands and tried
her best to compose herself. But it was
useless; the evidence was too frightfully
clear against her; hysteria threatened.

"Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

"Oh, come, Miss Manwaring; you go
too far!" Mrs. Standish told her coldly.
"If you are possibly innocent, you will
tell me the truth. If you are guilty, you
may as well confess and not strain
our patience any longer. But don't try
to drag me into the affair; I won't have
it."

"If I guess there isn't much question of
innocence or guilt," Mason commented.
"Here's evidence enough. It only remains
to locate the rest of the loot. It'll be
easier for you," he addressed Sally di-
rectly, "if you own up—come, though
Mrs. Standish gave me the stockings,"
she said, "and I 'ratted up' as you
would call it, 'em."

NOTABLE JURY TRIAL
CASE AT BRYN MAWR

Defendant Unperturbed by As-
sault of Prominent Citizens He
is to Face Tonight.

Robert C. Clothier, of Haverford, is de-
fendant in a suit brought by Miss Helen
McCoy, of Overbrook. Mr. Clothier is ac-
cused by Miss McCoy, of a reckless
driving his auto that he struck her.

The jury panel at the trial are Samuel
Rea, president of the Pennsylvania Rail-
road; William L. Austin, chairman of the
Board of Directors of the Baldwin Locomo-
tive Works; Mrs. Alva B. Johnson and
others. The defendant is not a